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What prouder story could we relate to them,
Than that we treasure as a priceless gem,
The History of the Cecelians.

By this you see, I look ahead,
Into our future life;
And give to each, to make life smooth,
The happiness of a wife.
Of course I do, and with her you'll be blest,
And "honor bright" I think you'll not find rest,
Without some small Cecelians.

Our choir is young, but our success,
I know has richly paid us;
How could we fail, when we have got
A "Samson's" strength to aid us?
The future is something that we do not fear,
And only ask the public all to come and hear
The Music of the Cecelians.

Of what we do we will not brag,
And at this point we'll pause—
And leave the public (if we deserve)
To give us their applause.
And what we do, they'll find us "up to time;"
And to bring our music to a point sublime
Is the Aim of the Cecelians.

Well, boys, now let us all pitch in
And enjoy the fun to-day;
Perhaps when next we have our Feast,
Some will be far away.
Where'er we are, we cannot well forget,
That jovial time, when we all met
At the Feast of the Cecelians.
G. K. WALCOTT,
One of the Cecelians.

MOLLENHAUER'S CONSERVATORY.

Edward Mollenhauer has opened in Schuberth's Building, No. 820 Broadway, the Musical Conservatory, of which he is director. The professors number the brothers Mollenhauer, both very accomplished musicians, Ferdinand Ritter, Messrs. Tomoro and Gianetti, Schreiber, Heydtmann, Schrimpf, Gooschel, Lepeal, Wellenstein and Hennig, well-known in their departments of music. This institution has every promise of growth to meet a wide and highly intelligent demand. The professorships are unusually varied and able. The price per year of 80 lessons is but \$32.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The present is announced as the last week of Mr. Dillon's engagement at the Broadway Theatre. During the past month the gentleman has played a round of "legitimate" characters, in most of which he has shown evidences of a high order of talent, but through some of his later personations there has run a vein of mediocrity far from agreeable to his admirers, and which is all the more noticeable from the evident care and study which he has expended on most of his parts. On Monday evening of this week the "Wonder" was revived, with Mr. Dillon as Don Felix, a part entirely unsuited to his style of acting, but in which he succeeded in making several good "points,"

though, as a whole, the performance was unsatisfactory, the gentleman's bump of humor not being sufficiently developed to make his comedy acting altogether enjoyable. In passages of intense passion and pathos Mr. Dillon is almost without a rival; take for instance his "Belphegor," "Louis XI," and parts of "Othello," in which he is superb, and which are wonderful specimens of lifelike and impassioned acting, but in comedy he is all at sea, and although, as I have before said, he succeeds in making several good points, the general performance is marred by a too great preponderance of melodramatic style and bearing.

Mr. Dillon's engagement however, on the whole, has been a successful one; at all events he has laid the foundation for a pure, natural, unexaggerated style of acting that must in time become popular as it represents the most perfect school of the Drama that at some day must supplant the ranting, bombastic school which, although it may delight the be-peanuttied audiences of the East side, never can, or at least never should, be tolerated upon the stage by all who look to the Drama as something not only to amuse but to instruct and elevate the mind.

Miss Kate Reignolds has been added to the Broadway Theatre company and played on Monday evening Donna Violante in the "Wonder," and Cleopatra in the amusing, but rather broad after-piece of "Antony and Cleopatra." Her Donna Violante is very amusing, but marred by an excess of laughter and exaggeration; her Cleopatra is a much better performance, and, although at times a little léger, is extremely funny and amusing and marked by a *vim* and piquancy eminently Frenchy and delightful.

Mr. Stuart Robson made his first appearance at the Olympic on Thursday evening of last week, in the burlesque of "Hamlet, or Wearing of the Black." The burlesque is a very clever burlesque, and Mr. Robson is a very clever burlesque actor, but still there was an indescribable something wanting in the performance which rendered it not altogether pleasing. Mr. Robson's great fault is a fondness for stretching his voice to the highest pitch, which although very funny in burlesque, when used with moderation, becomes tiresome and palls upon the ear when carried through an entire play; aside from this, the gentleman's Hamlet is a very droll and amusing piece of acting, and the play itself being filled with almost an alarming number of puns, good, bad and extremely indifferent, is a most side splitting affair, and causes the audience evident delight and merriment.

Mr. Geo. Jordan has returned from England, and is announced shortly to appear at the Olympic in "The Master of Ravenswood," a dramatization of Walter Scott's novel, which has been prepared expressly for him.

At Wallack's there is nothing new to record, save the revival of "Dreams of Delusion," in which Mr. Robinson gives us one of his best drawn and best acted characters; and "Rural Felicity," which is particularly noticeable for the droll acting of Mr. Holland, and a very badly sung duet between Miss Henriques and Miss Jennings.

On Monday evening of next week Mr. Lester

Wallack is to make his first appearance this season at this establishment, in an "entirely new and original comedy." Mr. Wallack is always a welcome visitor; as the exponent of a certain school of acting, not at all times natural, but always amusing, he is without a rival, and his appearance is always hailed with delight by the habitués of this exquisite temple of the Drama.

"Griffith Gaunt" is still in the high tide of success at the New York theatre, the acting is good, and although the dramatization is exceedingly bad, it boots but little to Messrs. Smith and Baker, so long as their charming little theatre is nightly crowded by large and enthusiastic audiences. The gentlemen have labored earnestly and well for success, and richly deserve it, whether it comes from an undeserving quarter or not.

The great dramatic event of the season took place on Tuesday evening of the present week, when "Hamlet" was revived at the Winter Garden, with Edwin Booth in his popular personation of the melancholy Dane. The house was crowded with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience, who insisted on Mr. Booth's appearance before the curtain at the conclusion of every act, and who, moreover, knew how to applaud in the right places—something of which a New York audience is very often ignorant.

Mr. Booth's Hamlet has become almost a "household word;" it is quoted by every school girl, romantic spinster, elegant young man and the majority of critics, as the very acme of tragic acting, and without doubt deserves many of the encomiums that have been passed upon it, being, by all odds, one of the best Hamlets of the present day. (To my fancy Mr. E. L. Davenport's is the best. Which criticism will doubtless cause the upturning of many fair noses.) The truth of the matter is, however, Mr. Booth indulges in too many mannerisms to render his performance of the part altogether agreeable; new readings and new "business" are both very good in their way, but Mr. Booth is too lavish in his use of them and at times shocks the truly critical ear and eye by vagaries of elocution, emphasis and action which do not in the least comport with the character of the noble Dane.

Take, for instance, his reading of the passage, in the first act, in which he speaks to Horatio of his deceased father, saying: "He was a man," take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again," which Mr. Booth reads in this wise: "He was a MAN! take him, for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again." This is eminently vulgar and far from the idea conveyed in the text. Then again, after his interview with the ghost, he falls prone upon his back and lies there during the delivery of the succeeding speech, for what reason I am at a loss to conceive, unless it be that the position is easier than the more proper one of kneeling and standing. One more, to me, glaring error, and then I am done with fault finding. At the conclusion of the play scene in the third act, when Hamlet is summoned to his mother's presence, Mr. Booth draws his dagger, leaving the stage with the words "I will speak daggers, but use none;" now this is literally applying "the action to the text and the text to the action," but it is impossible to find anything

in the text which warrants the action, hence the "business" is superfluous and approaches nearly to the ridiculous.

There are many faults of this character in Mr. Booth's personation of Hamlet, which, although they may appear telling and novel to the impractised eye, render it disagreeable to the initiated; the performance, as a whole however, is very fine and carries away the enthusiasm of the spectator by its many flashes of real, genuine genius and power; and, after all, Mr. Booth is hardly to be blamed for his new readings and "business;" as many an actor before him has fallen into the same error, considering Hamlet a part in which anything new and, to some, striking can be introduced with effect, entirely ignoring the fact that Hamlet was a man and, as a natural consequence, would be very apt to act as other men and, although he did put an "antic disposition" on, in his private moments, when it was unnecessary for him to wear his mark of madness, he would, undoubtedly, have acted as a sane and reasonable man, and would adopt the vagaries of character which he was pleased to adopt before the King and the Count. Do not understand from this, fair reader, that I would disparage Mr. Booth's personation of Hamlet—it is a good, a noble piece of acting, and to the finer portions of it I would accord all just praise, but Mr. Booth is too great an actor to be permitted to mar, what is otherwise, a masterpiece by a too earnest desire to present something novel and peculiar, and with this feeling I raise my protest against the many errors in judgment which he commits in the personation of this, Shakespeare's greatest character.

Mr. Gotthold's Ghost is a thoroughly excellent performance—dignified and king-like in its ghostly action, and the language finely and scholarly delivered. Next to J. W. Wallack's it is the finest personation of this character we now have on the stage.

Mr. Barton Hill makes but little of the fine part of Laertes; he seems to walk through it with an utter indifference as to whether he plays it well or not, this is all the more astonishing, as the gentleman is an actor of most undoubted talent and intellect.

Mr. Davidge's Polonius is a perfect masterpiece, full of rich, unctuous humor, and characterized by a breadth of conception and action which is simply admirable.

Mr. Duff's Horatio, too, is another fine piece of quiet, sensible acting. Horatio was a well read scholar and a thorough gentleman, and although many personators of the part seem to have had no idea of this fact, Mr. Duff evidently has, and the consequence is a most excellent performance.

There is vast room for improvement in Mme. Scheller's Ophelia; setting aside her unpleasant German accent, she has utterly failed in her conception of the character, and saving in the mad scene, does not rise to its many beauties, giving us but a sorry idea of the sweet, innocent and lovely character of the fair maid.

Miss Ida Vernon's Queen is dignified, sensible and quiet; rising, in its stronger passages, to a considerable degree of pathos and passion.

The play is well put upon the stage, although not quite so finely as at its performances last

winter, and will doubtless have a long and successful run.

The Winter Garden, in the short space of two days, has been put into "apple pie order" and looks bright and beaming in its new dress,—doubtless in anticipation of the many successes in Music and the Drama which are destined to occur within its pleasant walls.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY EXHIBITION—WATER-COLOR ROOM.

The first picture one finds on entering the Water-color Room is "Before the Battle," by D. G. Rosetti, a characteristic specimen of the ultra Pre-Raphaelite School, the figures of which are noticeable for their entire lack of anything resembling human nature, being hard, crude and utterly ridiculous in drawing; the color, however, is good, and the drapery is painted with wonderful fidelity and elaboration.

"Just Awake," by Mrs. E. Murray, is a rather poor specimen of that lady's style; it is slightly exaggerated in expression and color, and is only redeemed by the feeling of life and expression conveyed in the face of the child.

"View on the Thames," by Paul Marny. A most delicious picture; full of cool, tender greys, in the production of which Marny is without a rival, and which add a beauty and freshness to all his work.

"Hollyhocks," by J. W. Hill, is an excellent specimen of American water-color art, being strong and vivid in color, and at the same time broad in handling and execution. Mr. Hill has several pictures in the present exhibition, all of great merit, but this is perhaps the finest of them all; there is a feeling of atmosphere and brilliancy about it which is exquisite.

"A Milk-Stall in Seville, Spain," by Mrs. E. Murray. An unfinished sketch, but particularly noticeable for the admirable expression in the faces of such of the figures which are completed. Strong and telling in color and composition.

"Margaret at the Cathedral," by T. A. Jones. Mr. Jones has several pictures in the Water-color Room, all of which can be covered by the same criticism; they are very ambitious, but of that "vaulting ambition which doth o'erleap itself," being hard in drawing and forced and exaggerated in color, while fine and impressive subjects are treated with anything but the hand of a master.

"Dressed for the Fete," by D. Bouvier. A rich, exquisite little piece of color, good in drawing and extremely careful and delicate in execution.

"Indian Falls and Coldspring," by Wm. Craig. An admirable little landscape, full of sunlight and the fresh feeling of the country; the water is excellently managed, dashing and sparkling over the rocks and hurrying along the bed of the stream in merry, dancing ripples, while the effect of sunlight through the trees over the falls is exquisitely conveyed.

"Garibaldians Foraging," "Donkey Sale in Palermo," by Thos. Nast. Mr. Nast is an artist of considerable talent, but his great fault is a proneness to caricature, and this is particularly

noticeable in the above-mentioned pictures; there is a certain amount of humor about them, but it is greatly marred by the exaggeration and carelessness in execution.

"The Rovere," by J. D. Linton. A sweet little *genre* picture, delicate in feeling and sentiment, careful in execution, but characterized by a weakness of color which detracts greatly from its general merit.

"Harvesting," by J. Absolon. Mr. Absolon is an English water-colorist of considerable distinction, and the American public have been made tolerably familiar with his work through the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, he having contributed to that journal several full-page colored illustrations. The present picture is a good specimen of his style, bold in handling, effective in drawing and strong in color, while the subject is one both pleasing and sympathetic.

And now we come to Birket Foster, one of the most industrious and at the same time most poetic of English artists, whose work is always delicate, careful and full of sentiment, and who has perhaps contributed more to the beautifully illustrated holiday literature of the day than any artist now living. His "On the River" is an exquisite bit of quiet English scenery; lacking the grandeur of our American landscape, there is a homelike, pastoral feeling about the English which is exceedingly charming and creates a longing, in these cold, wintry November days, for the sunshine of summer and the fresh green fields of the country. Mr. Foster has succeeded admirably in catching this feeling in nearly all his pictures, and "On the River" is a good specimen of his always charming style. The sunlight breaking through the trees in the middle distance and playing on the meadows in front; the water, reflecting the grove beyond and caught here and there by patches of light; the cool, grey sky; the flight of birds, are all admirable and full of nature. The only fault that I can find in the picture is an unpleasant hardness in the foreground-trees; this, however, is hardly noticeable, and detracts but little from the general excellence of one of the most exquisitely beautiful landscapes in the exhibition.

"Dead Game," by J. W. Hill. Very careful in detail, but characterized by a certain flatness and want of relief, owing to the picture being painted for the most part in transparent color, a grave mistake in water-color painting.

"Ave Maria," by Mrs. E. Murray. This is one of the most finished, and consequently one of the finest, of Mrs. Murray's pictures; there is a glow and richness of color about it which is exceedingly fine, while the whole feeling and action of the figure is expressive of devotion and sentiment.

"Interior of the House of Commons," "Interior of the House of Lords," by Joseph Nash. Two remarkable pictures; the carefulness of detail and execution displayed in the architecture is nearly akin to something wonderful, being carefully elaborated, but at the same time broad and strong in effect. The figures, however, are not as good; there is a certain chalkiness and lack of vitality in the faces which renders them exceedingly unpleasant. This is Mr. Nash's great fault; his drawing and execution of architecture